With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our sustayning corne: a centurie is sent forth;
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
And bring him to our eye; what can mans wisdome
In the restoring his bereued sence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Madame.
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him,
Are many simples operatiue, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All blest secrets, all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares be ayd ant, and remediat,
In the good mans distresse; seeke, seeke, for him,
Lest his vngouernd rage dissolue the life,
That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*

Mes. News Madam, the Brittish powers are marching hither.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.
In expectation of them; ô deere father
It is thy busines that I go about, therfore great *France*
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes incite
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right;
Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himselfe in person?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my sisters letters to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Glosters* eyes being out
To let him liue; where he ariues he moues
All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

More-

Moreouer to discrie the strength
Stew. I must needs after him
Reg. Our troope sets forth to
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madame, my
busines.
Reg. Why should she write to *E*
Transport her purposes by word
Some thing, I know not what; ile
Let me vnseale the letter.
Stew. Madam I'd e rather---
Reg. I know your Lady does n
I am sure of that, and at her late b
Shee gaue strange eyliads, and mo
To noble *Edmund*, I know you a
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I speake in vnderstandi
Therefore I doe aduise you take
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I h
And more conuenient is he for m
Then for your Ladies, you may
If you doe find him, pray you giu
And when your mistris heares th
I pray desire her call her wisedon
If you doe chance to heare of th
Preferment fals on him that cuts
Ste. Would I could meet him
What Lady I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.

Enter Gloster

Glost. When shall we come toth
Edg. You do climbe it vpnow,
Glost. Me thinks the ground is
Edg. Horrible steepe, harke d
Glost. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other se
By your eyes anguish.
Glost. So may it be indeed,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.